

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

The CATERER—No. I.

MR. ORLANDO,

PHYSICIANS do not administer a more sovereign opiate to the senses than the memoirs of a person, written by himself. I shall not therefore trouble you, nor your readers with a detailed account of the incidents of my life. Suffice it to be told, that after a variety of movements and peregrinations, I have become the inhabitant of a garret, at least three stories and a half high. Its shape is the most curious and fanciful you ever saw. It outdoes all the rhombuses and rhomboids, trapeziums and trapezoids, that are found in geometry; and Archimedes would be again distracted with joy, could he be so happy as to make its measurement. From the peculiar style of its architecture the greatest connoisseur cannot determine the precise period at which it was built. It bears no characteristic marks of the Grecian, the Roman, or the Gothic taste. It appears, however, to be constructed not entirely without design. Like the Chinese art of gardening, it is subservient to morality and useful reflection. Its door is low, and you are obliged to stoop as you enter, which teaches humility; it is small, which shows how little is adequate to the wants of the man, who duly regulates his appetites and passions. It has but one small window for the admission of light, which tells us to appreciate characters by their own intrinsic worth and information, and not from the extraneous light which may be reflected upon them from titles or birth, from honors or wealth. Of those, who have occupied it previous to myself, I have, upon enquiry, been able to learn but little. They have generally left no other records of themselves, but their names cut in the window, marked upon the chimney-piece or chalked upon the wall. Happily this is not the case with him who immediately preceded me. An old gentleman, who has for a long course of years lodged in the room directly beneath, has given me much information respecting him. He was of small stature, light complexion, and sandy hair. His eyes were large, prominent and rolling. Taciturn in his disposition, diffident and reserved in his manners. Sober and melancholy, his countenance often declared his bosom to be the residence of perplexity and care, and a stranger to gaiety and mirth. It seems, to use the language of the British Pindar,

"Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
And melancholy mark'd him for her own."

He was fond of books, in general, and particularly those of history, poetry, biography, and oratory. He considered the ancient languages important in forming a correct taste in composition, and necessary in the acquisition of solid

and useful literature. He thought as a man approached the Grecian and Roman luminaries, he would catch their fire and blaze with their eloquence. Some said, he had reading, but no originality; possessed a good memory, but was destitute of judgment. From the old gentleman's account of this singular man, I became very solicitous to be more acquainted with his character. As I sat reclining on my window-stool, and musing upon all the various revolutions my room might have undergone, I discovered a small trunk, in a distant corner, half covered with cobwebs and half concealed in dust. Curiosity was awakened. And approaching it I read with raptures, in letters much defaced "To the next occupant." A fortune perhaps, said I, and raising the lid with a palpitating heart found nothing but the loose remains of old papers. Here a bit of poetry, and there a morsel of criticism, on this sheet a maxim of morality, and on that a sketch of biography. Upon the most careful perusal of those, I can find nothing which leads to a discovery of their author. Like Junius, he seems to have made himself the "sole depositary of his own secret." And more modest and reserved than he, has not left even the "shadow of a mighty name." I shall transcribe a few of these and occasionally send them to you for publication. If they have any excellence I ask no praise, save what is due to faithful transcription.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

AMUSEMENTS.

Amusements are constituted of those exercises, which afford relief and satisfaction to the mind; and which are pursued solely for the attainment of those objects. They are distinguished from exercises of utility and duty, not so much by their particular kind as by their final causes; they become exercises of amusement by the motives of their authors. But although a motive of pleasure be an essential quality of an action that can properly be termed an exercise of amusement, yet it is not necessary that pleasure be the total motive of that exercise. A person may be induced to engage in particular exercises, partially for the sake of pleasure, and partially for the sake of benefit. The inducements to attend a ball may be derived jointly from the pleasure anticipated, and from the attainment of polished manners. An author may compose a volume, partly to amuse himself, and partly to enlighten and reform the public. The actions, in these instances, may be denominated those of amusement so far as pleasure is the object sought, and those of utility so far as this latter object is intended.—If this definition be admitted as accurate, we can now with the greater safety and advantage proceed to determine the justifiableness of amusements, and ascertain the laws by which they ought to be regulated.

Amusements have the power to remove depression of the spirits. Melancholy, unless it be constitutional, or obstinate, is lightened and dissipated by the insinuating influence of humor, sprightliness, the ceremonious civilities and agreeable familiarities of polite and friendly interviews. The sullen visage of gloom brightens into smiles of complacency at scenes of novelty, the strains of harmony and the tones of eloquence.

Intense and long continued application affects the mind with dullness and fatigue. A ready and rational method to restore the usual tone, is the introduction of amusements.—These banish the uneasiness of languor, invigorate body and mind, and fit for more easy and effectual exertions in the business of professional life.—The tediousness of a vacant hour is alleviated by a hand at cards or a game at dice, *if nothing better be at hand.*

The indulgence of amusements, though lawful and salutary, when guarded by due regulation, is nevertheless the frequent subject of enormous abuse. The vitiated appetites of human nature, revolting from the guidance of reason, and escaping all restraint precipitate the votaries of pleasure into the wild excesses of dissipation and folly. Hence the necessity that amusements, both as to their species and degree, be reduced to the entire controul of principle.

All amusements, possessed of a tendency to disengage the mind to virtue, are most evidently productive of very pernicious consequences. To guard against those of this kind, no one can be impressed with too great solicitude. That there are numerous amusements of this evil tendency, I presume no one will hesitate to admit. It is a notorious fact, too frequently realized, that pleasures are indulged at the expense of virtue. The truth of this observation is not confined to those indulgences, or rather perpetrations, which are directly counter to first principles of morality, but may extend to many that are currently termed, innocent and fashionable pastimes. Whatever has the effect to weaken the government of conscience, to introduce a supremacy of the passions, to relax a tenacious adherence to moral truths, or to erace a rational seriousness, is that baneful precursor of vice, which prepares an opened road to licentiousness and ruin. Whether an excessive fondness for any amusements whatever, and a liberal gratification of it, be not a detriment to morality and character, I submit to the judgment of the candid and observing.

Amusements that intrude on the useful and necessary avocations of life, ought not to be deemed justifiable or deserving excuse. The man who quits an occupation on which he depends for subsistence, and spends a day in such convivialities and carousals as neither benefit his body or his mind by putting them in a better tone for exertion, or enjoyment, is guilty of misimprovement of time, than which no treat-

are is more precarious. The scholar, or the professional character, who closes the scientific volume and repairs to the ball room, at a time when neither his limbs need exercise, nor his thoughts diversion, can scarcely be the son of truth, when he affirms, that he has only indulged an *innocent* recreation. However strong may be the appearance of criminality in the instances mentioned, it is believed, that more than half the amusements of the present age are more deeply impregnated with the noxious seeds of moral turpitude.—It must certainly be a desideratum with the pious and benevolent of every description, that a revolution may obtain in the department of social pleasures: that the arts of pleasing, recreation and mirth might no longer be the avenues and the very mansions of vice: that our young people would either wholly refrain from the *professed* arts of amusement, or so judiciously moderate and govern them, that all might be beautiful in its season.

F.

FOR THE TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

YOUR admitting my first effort makes me desirous of furnishing you with another trifle. I offer you a parody, the original of which appeared not long since in a southern paper. A blank is left where some dissyllable female name might be appositely introduced. An apology for leaving it a blank may be considered by some as necessary; others will excuse me from a motive of diffidence and delicacy. Should the *favorite name* be inserted, the author might be betrayed, and each fair one deprived the consolation of imagining herself the object beloved.

I have another reason, sir, for offering you this scrap—your paper has been occupied, heretofore, mostly by sentimental pieces. I would not detract from their merit, only intimate that “variety is charming,” and that the season requires something to enliven the drooping spirits. There is a killing lassitude hovering around many of your admirers; they are in want of a stimulus, something invigorating to preserve them from gloominess. No matter what you deal out, whether sense or nonsense, if it be but *vastly* funny. You must be so obliging, sir, as to raise a laugh among us, for we are all in, what some people call, the dumps.

THEODORE.

Adieu to Hanover, dear ——— adieu,
I sincerely repent my parting with you,
For I oft shall remember this plain—as I rove,—
Where dwells the mild cherub—the girl that I love.

In climes very distant I wander to find
A country where fortune, perhaps, may be kind,
If she's kind, I'll return, and praise *Him* above
Who grants me the cherub—the girl that I love.

The waves of the Ocean, which solemnly roar,
May threaten indeed, that I'll see you no more.
Yet in death, I'll remember, when I cease to rove,
Where dwells the mild cherub—the girl that I love.

But should I return spite of dangers and storms
Will you take me kind angel to your tender arms?

If you will, then indeed, I'll hence no more rove,
And wed you sweet ——— the girl that I love.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON THE SONNET.

(From the *European Magazine* for 1804.)

BEFORE I attempt to give rules for the construction of a Sonnet, it will, I think, be proper to define the term. A Sonnet, then, is a short poem of fourteen lines, the rhymes of which are arranged according to certain rules; the two first stanzas have but two rhymes.

This we may style the mechanism of a Sonnet; but there are likewise other points which were once considered as distinguishing traits of this species of poem. It was thought necessary for it to convey some beautiful thought or sentiment, and to be peculiarly harmonious in its numbers and elegant in its expressions. Both these particulars have, however, long been disregarded; and I wish it to be understood, that what I am attempting to give, are rules for the construction of a *modern* Sonnet.

Every species of literary composition may be considered under three different heads, *viz.* the language, the decorations, and the sentiment; and under these three heads I shall arrange my remarks on the modern Sonnet. To begin, then with the language; to which I shall join the versification:

Obscurity is one essential in the language of a modern Sonnet. In most other compositions, we strive to write with ease, and to be perspicuous; but to excel in the Sonnet, we must act quite the reverse. Perspicuity is the greatest defect a Sonnet can possess, in the modern opinion; and to avoid it must be the constant endeavour of those who hope to excel. There are two methods of attaining this object; by the use of obsolete words, and by unnatural arrangements. An acquaintance with the former may be acquired by the perusal of Chaucer, Spencer, and the other fathers of English poetry; but I believe modern Sonneteers think this method *too tedious*, and in general only study the glossaries, which, indeed, to them prove equally beneficial. *Eftsoons, welkin, awhile*, and such words, have a very striking effect, and we consequently meet with them in every modern Sonnet: the other method, of writing obscure by an unnatural arrangement, requires but a very small degree of ingenuity. A few unmeaning, new-coined epithets have likewise been employed, very successfully, to produce this first-rate beauty of a modern Sonnet. The more harsh and incongruous the epithets, the better the effect; and I would recommend the young poet not to be sparing in this species of excellence.

With respect to the versification, we must also act contrary to what is recommended in the other branches of poetry. Instead of imitating the harmony of Pope, we must imitate the ruggedness of Donne. Blank verse has been called prose run mad; and the language of a

modern Sonnet may not unaptly be styled, blank verse run mad. Many people say it is the most musical species of poetry, and I have no doubt they would be surprised at the above remark; but, in my opinion, the music of a modern Sonnet, like the music of the spheres, is often talked about, but never heard. As a specimen of the harmonious versification which a Sonnet requires, I shall quote the following from Milton, whose opinion of that species of poem seems very much to have coincided with that of modern Sonneteers. Although it has been quoted before on a similar occasion, it is such an excellent pattern for the young poet to imitate in his numbers, that I think my Essay would not be complete without it. I could produce instances equal, if not superior, from my contemporaries; but as Milton's works are before me, I shall not seek farther.

SONNET.

A book was writ of late, call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style,
The subject new: it walk'd the town a-while,
Numb'ring good intellects, now seldom por'd on;
Cries the still reader, blest be, what a word on
A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false while one might walk to Mile-
End-green. Why is it harder, fir, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths, grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp:
Thy age, like ours, foul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward
Greek.

Modern writers seem much divided in their opinion, whether it is essential that a Sonnet should contain a thought or sentiment. Some have succeeded very well without admitting any; while others who have attempted to convey one have been unsuccessful. But although modern poets differ as to the *absolute necessity* of a sentiment, they all agree, or at least the majority, that it should, if admitted, be confined to the last stanza, and have not the smallest connection with the rest. In composing a Sonnet of this species, I know there would be a great difficulty to surmount, if the poet had to form the sentiment in his own mind; but surely there is no necessity for this, when there are collections of maxims and moral sentences in every bookseller's shop! The great art of the poet who nobly ventures to discard the sentiment as an unnecessary incumbrance, is, to conceal the want, and to contrive his language as if something was conveyed when there really is nothing. This is the most difficult to accomplish, and requires much practice.

The next point I have to consider is, the decorations of a modern Sonnet, which do not consist in apt similitudes or elegant metaphors, but in certain methods of arranging certain terms, so as to produce a sublime confusion.—Every modern Sonneteer makes great use of the sun, moon, and stars, which the erudite Martinus Scriblerus styles “the sublime of nature.” Indeed it is surprising the variety of methods in which they can be employed, and yet with seeming novelty. The moon is a particular favourite with this species of bards, which has occasioned some people to style them lunatics. All modern Sonnets tell you

about Cynthia, Luna, Diana, the pale orb of night, or the sober-suited orb of night, shining through the impervious shade, trembling upon the wat'ry waste, gilding with silver sheen the welkin round, or list'ning to the hapless lover's tale. The owl and the nightingale are likewise of great use to a modern Sonneteer, and will admit of an equally pleasing variety of description. Thus, they may be introduced as amusing the moon with their love-stories, or venting their sorrows amidst the silence of night, each of which expressions can be varied almost without end.

[The following, from 'Stanford's Art of Reading,' has probably been perused by most of our readers, but, like the rich diamond, it will bear a second inspection without causing fatigue.]

THE FLATTERER.

OF all the characters among mankind, no one is more degrading to human nature, than the flatterer. Flattery is not only odious to sincerity and truth, but it evinces a want of true sense, a want of esteem for those, whom it was intended to please, and proves a deficiency of sentiment and delicacy.

Even the wild, uncultivated aboriginal, is a stranger to dissimulated thought. His tongue is governed by the genuine dictates of sincerity. But shall we compare the mind, brightened with the beams of knowledge, to the rude child of nature? In fact, the latter boasts pre-eminence. He soars aloft on wings of truth, looks down with scorn, and upbraids the civilized world for flattery, which puts sensibility to the blush, and shocks even the harsher feelings of unpolished men.

When the influence of a sycophant, like the fatal charms of a siren's voice, deludes fair innocence, virtue recoils and turns abhorrent from the rueful scene. It is necessary that every member of society should possess the art of pleasing, as it not only unites thought with thought, but tunes the mind to notes of love, sympathy and friendship. But alas! shall the enchanting smiles of a parasite allure the daughter of virtue and blight her opening blossoms? Forbid it, ye guardian protectors of fair innocence!

When we see the rose of beauty, torn from the bosom of candor, by the fatal hand of a sycophant, and all the delicacies of female worth, offered up as a sacrifice, at the altar of savage barbarity, can the manly feelings of the independent soul cease to vibrate with the warmest touches of pity; and even burn with indignant frowns of resentment?

Blush, frightful monster! at thy villainess, blush! thy crime is base, unmanly, murderous! Stab not the child of innocence with thy deadly smile! Thy smiles are treacherous, and tell the world the baseness of thy soul. Thy fatal venom taints the blendid streams of mutual love, dissolves the ties of amity, and poisons the endearing affections that conspire to render man agreeable to man.

Virtue will not hold society with such traitors; such base, degenerate men. She dreads their near approach, and shrinks with horror from their frightful mein. Learn, ye fair, ye

virtuous, to despise the alluring voice of the flatterer. His breath will blast the bloom of loveliest charms. When once by flattery caught, your drooping beauty weeps, virtue drops a tear of regret, and innocence shall mourn thy loss of worth.

(The ensuing articles are extracted from a volume, entitled "Miscellaneous Literature.")

MUSCOVIAN FUNERALS.

IN Muscovy, when a man dies, his friends and relations immediately assemble, and seat themselves in a circle round the corpse, to which they ask the following questions, viz. *Why have you died? Is it because your commercial concerns went badly? Or was it because you could not obtain the accomplishment of your desires? Was your wife defective in youth or beauty? Or has she been faithless?* They then rise, and quit the house.

When they carry the body to be buried, it is covered, and conveyed on a bier to the brink of the intended grave; the covering is then withdrawn, the priest reads some prayers, the company kiss the dead, and retire.

These ceremonies finished, the priest places between the fingers of the dead man a piece of paper signed by the patriarch confessor, purporting his having been a good Christian. This they suppose serves for a passport to the other world, and from its certifying the goodness of the deceased, St. Peter, when he sees it, will open the gates of eternal life to him.

The letter given, the bier is removed, and the corpse placed in the grave, with his face towards the East.

Marriage Ceremonies among the Caribbees.

P. GUMILLA, in his book entitled *P'Orinogue Illustrée*, says, the Caribbees make their daughters fast four days preceding their marriage. The ceremonies of their marriages are very singular. The men and women are crowned with flowers, and they assemble in a wood at the sound of a great number of various instruments, with their chief, marching in the front; and before they quit the wood, a plate of meat is brought, which the chief throws upon the ground, saying, *"There, take that, thou wicked demon, and leave us in tranquility this day."*

The company then goes dancing all the way to the door of the new married couple; they find them walking in a circle of old women, half of them crying, and the other half laughing heartily; the first party sings these words: *"Oh, my child, if you knew the trouble and embarrassments in taking care of a family, you would not have taken a husband."* The second party sings, *"Ah, my child, if you knew the pleasures of taking care of a family, you would have taken a husband long since."*

Thus, the young men and women dance, the old women cry and laugh, the musicians make a great noise, the children cry loudly, and the new married couple remain silent spectators; at length they arrange themselves round a table covered with turtles; they all get drunk, and remain drunken till next day.

FARRAGO.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the pieces, read upon one side, "God be with us;" then upon the other, "The Commonwealth of England." I see (says he) that "God," and "The Commonwealth," are upon different sides.

HORRID MURDER!

Baltimore, March 18.

On Thursday last three negroes, the property of Mr. Fowler, at Hawkins' Point, assaulted him in the woods and immersed his head under water in a pond 'till he expired. They afterwards placed his body on one of his horses and conveyed it to the Chesapeake, into which they threw it. They have confessed the horrid deed and two of them were last Sunday lodged in Anne Arundel county jail.

ORDAINED,

In Fitzwilliam, on the 6th ult. Rev. John Sabin.

MARRIED,

In Portsmouth, Charles Cushing, jun. Esq. of Boston, to Miss Ann Sheafe.

In Pittsfield, (Mass.) Mr. John Breck, of Northampton, to Miss Clarissa Allen.

"What equals this?"

"In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!"

"To smile at death, and long to be dissolv'd!"

"From our decays a pleasure to receive!"

"And kindle into transport at a grave!"



DIED,

In Haverhill, Jabez Kimball, Esq. attorney at law.

In Pelham, (N. H.) Mrs. Mehitable, wife of Mr. Joshua Atwood, aged 78; they lived together in the married state about 60 years; have had 17 children, 68 grand-children, and 12 great-grand children; total 87—of these, 13 children, 56 gr.-ch. and all their gr-gr.-ch. are still living.

In Madbury, (N. H.) Mr. Jacob Joy, sen.; suicide, by hanging himself—he was in affluent circumstances, and had an agreeable wife, and several promising children.

At West-Hartford, Mrs. Sarah Trumbull, relict of the late Rev. John Trumbull, of Wadsworth.

At Brookfield, Mr. Charles Gilbert, aged 27, a candidate for the Gospel Ministry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

A final Adieu to Pleasures once enjoyed.

AREWELL, in yonder grove retir'd,
The pleasing scenes of rural joy ;
Where oft with fervent transport fir'd,
Pure bliss I've known without alloy.

Adieu ye rills, whose wat'ry gleams
Sparkle with hue of various cast :
Ye shady bowers, ye purling streams,
My joy in you is ever past.

When cares, by fortune's daily change,
Have oft disturb'd my mind serene ;
I expel the mists 'mong you I'd range,
Where bliss and pleasure e'er are seen.

But doom'd at length in life to roam,
And seek content, perhaps in vain ;
A hapless youth, spurn'd from his home,
Views joys once known transform'd to pain.
AGLAUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE GOLDFINCH AND LINNET.

BY DR. AIKEN.

A GAUDY Goldfinch, pert and gay,
Hopping blithe from spray to spray,
Full of frolic, full of spring,
With head well plum'd, and burnish'd wing,
Spied a sober Linnet hen,
Sitting all alone,
And bow'd and chirp'd and bow'd again,
And, with familiar tone,
He thus the dame address'd,
As to her side he closely prest.

hope, my dear I don't intrude,
By breaking on your solitude ;
But it has always been my passion,
To forward pleasant conversation ;
And I should be a stupid bird
To pass the fair without a word ;
I, who have been forever noted,
To be the sex's most devoted ;
Besides, a damsel unattended,
Left unnoticed, and unfriended,
Appears, excuse me, so forlorn,
That I can scarce suppose,
By any she that e'er was born,
Twould be the thing she chose.
How happy then I'm now at leisure
To wait on a lady's pleasure ;
And all this morn have nought to do,
But pay my duty, love, to you.

What, silent ! ah those looks demure,
And eyes of languor, make me sure
That, in my random, idle chatter,
I quite mistook the matter :
It is not spleen, nor contemplation,
That draws you to the cover ;
But 'tis some tender assignation ;
Well !—Who's the favour'd lover ?
I met hard by in quaker suit,
A youth sedately grave and mute ;

And from the maxim like to like,
Perhaps the *sober youth* might strike ;
Yes, yes, 'tis he, I'll lay my life,
Who hopes to get you for a wife.

But Come, my dear, I know you're wise,
Compare, and judge, and use your eyes.
No female yet could e'er behold
The lustre of my red and gold,
My ivory bill and jetty crest,
But all was o'er, and I was blest.
Come, brighten up, and act with spirit,
And take the fortune that you merit.

He ceas'd—Linetta thus replied,
With cool contempt and decent pride,
'Tis pity, sir, a youth so sweet,
In form and manners so complete,
Should do an humble maid the honour
To waste his precious time upon her.
A poor forsaken she, you know,
Can do no credit to a beau ;
And worse would be the case,
If, meeting one, whose faith was plighted,
He should incur the sad disgrace
Of being slighted.

Now, sir, the *sober suited youth*,
Whom you were pleas'd to mention,
To those small merits, sense and truth,
And generous love, has some pretension ;
And then, to give him all his due,
He sings, sir, full as well as you,
And sometimes can be silent too.
In short, my taste is so perverse,
And such my wayward fate,
That it would be my greatest curse
To have a coxcomb to my mate.

This said, away she scuds,
And leaves beau Goldfinch in the fuds.

SHORT CANES.

TWO bucks, having lost their bamboos in a fray ;
Side by side swaggered into a toy shop one day,
Each, by a new purchase, his loss to repair.—
But, lo ! when for payment our heroes prepare,
All the cash in their pockets, together combin'd,
For the purchase of one scarce sufficient they find.
In common they buy it ; and, nice to a hair,
In two they divide it, and each takes his share.

Our beaux economick, improving the hint,
The length of their canes have determin'd to stint :
And when they would buy, a whole company splice
Their pence and their farthings to make up the price.
Hence, view the smart beau, and you'll soon ascertain
The depth of his purse, by the length of his cane.
MOMUS.

BALLAD—SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

By DIBDIN.

TO be mad for a husband is not a thing new :
The widow who swore to her first love to be true,
And the moment he's dead at a route goes to
cards, [guards ;
And a week after marries Dick Trim of the
Because truly Dick was a lusty young lad :
What a plague do you call such a woman but
mad ?

The young lady, brim full of the last new ro-
mance,
Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance ;

Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes,
And at last, with her John, who to Scotland
elopes,
Leaving, fore in affliction, her worthy old dad ;
What a plague do you call such a woman but
mad ?

She, because he is rich, and because she is poor,
Who weds with a batter'd old rake of four-
score ;

She at seventy-seven who marries a boy ;
For title and rank, she who barter's all joy ;
Those who marry for motives like these or as
bad,

What a plague do you call all these women but
mad ?

DUETTO—IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

Strepson.

TURN, O turn, relentless fair,
Pity hapless Strepson's pain,
Raise him from the last despair,
Smile, and bid him live again.

Calia.

Prythee lay aside your folly ;
How can I or take or give
Sprightly mirth, or melancholy ;
But if that contents you—live.

Strepson.

Too well you know your art and pow'r,
Ev'ry way my woes to calm,
The wound will heal from that sweet hour
Wherein you pour a friendly balm.

Calia.

Truth I pity your condition,
But if your poor heart must bleed
'Till I act your kind physician—
Your case is desperate indeed.

ON MUSIC.

From Ellis' early Poetry.

WHEN whispering strains do softly steal,
With creeping passions through the heart ;
And when at every touch we feel,

Our pulses beat and bear a part,

When threads can make,

Our heart strings quake,

Philosophy

Can scarce deny,

The soul consists of Harmony.

Oh ! lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet ;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet !

Grief, who need fear,

That hath an ear ?

Down let him lie,

And slumbering die,

And change his soul for Harmony.

Hanover, (N. H.)

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